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EDWARD COOPER, EDITOR.

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THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

We give the following extract from the very able speech of Hon. HORACE MANN, made in Congress on the bill for establishing a territorial government for the newly acquired Mexican Territory:

This conscious idea that the state of slavery is a state of war—a state in which superior force keeps inferior force down—develops and manifests itself perpetually. It exhibits itself in the statute book of the slave States, prohibiting the education of slaves, making it highly penal to teach them so much as the alphabet; dispersing and punishing all meetings where they come together in quest of knowledge. Look into the statute books of the free States and you will find law after law, encouragement after encouragement, to secure the diffusion of knowledge. Look into the statute books of the slave States and you find law after law, penalty after penalty, to secure the extinction of knowledge. Who has not read with delight those books which have been written both in England and this country, entitled "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," giving the biographies of illustrious men, who, by an undaunted and indomitable spirit, had risen from poverty and obscurity to the height of eminence, and blessed the world with their achievements in literature, in science and in morals? Yet here, in what we call republican America, are fifteen slave States, vying with each other to see which will reach the blackest and most impervious pall of ignorance over three millions of human beings; nay, which will do most to stretch this pall across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

Is not knowledge a good? Is it not one of the precious beauties which the all-bountiful Giver has bestowed upon the human race? Sir John Herschell, possessed of ample wealth, his capacious mind stored with the treasures of knowledge, surrounded by the most learned society in the most cultivated metropolis of the world, says:—"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and fullness to me through life, and a shield against misfortune, however things might go amiss, and the world were to turn upon me, it would be a taste for reading." Yet we now proposed to colonize the broad regions of the West with millions of our fellow beings, who shall never be able to read a book or write a word; to whom

knowledge shall bring no delight in childhood, no relief in the weary hours of sickness or convalescence, no solace in the decrepitude of age; who shall perceive nothing of the beauties of art, who shall know nothing of the wonders of science who shall never reach any lofty, intellectual conception of the attributes of their great Creator;—deaf in all the hosannas of praise which nature sings to her maker; blind in this magnificent temple which God has builded.

Sir, it is one of the noblest attributes of man that he can derive knowledge from his predecessors. We possess the accumulated learning of ages. From ten thousand confluent streams, the river of truth, widened and deepened, has come down to us; and it is among our choicest delights that if we can add to its volume, as it rolls on, it will bear a richer freight of blessings to our successors. But it is proposed to annul this beneficent law of nature; to repel this proffered bounty of Heaven. It is proposed to create a race of men, to whom all the lights of experience shall be extinguished, whose hundredth generation shall be as ignorant and as barbarous as the first.

Sir, I hold all voluntary ignorance to be a crime; I hold all enforced ignorance to be a greater crime. Knowledge is essential to all rational enjoyment; it is essential to the full and adequate performance of every duty. Whoever intercepts knowledge, therefore on its passage to a human soul; whoever strikes down the hand that is outstretched to grasp it, is guilty of one of the most heinous of offences. Add to your virtue, knowledge, says the Apostle; but here the command is, be-cloud and be-little by ignorance, whatever virtue you may possess.

Sir, let me justify the earnestness of these expressions, by describing the transition of feeling through which I have lately passed. I come from a community where knowledge ranks next to virtue, in the classification of blessings. On the 10th day of April last, the day before I left home for this place, I attended the dedication of a school house in Boston, which had cost \$70,000. The Mayor presided, and much of the intelligence and worth of the city was present on the occasion. I see by a paper which I have this day received, that another school house, in the same city, was dedicated on Monday of the present week. It was there stated by the Mayor, that the cost of the city school houses which had been completed within the last three months, was \$200,000. On Tuesday of this week, a new high school house, in the city of Cambridge, was dedicated. Mr. Everett, the President of Harvard College, was present, and addressed the assembly in a long, and, I need not add, a most beautiful speech. That school house, with two others to be dedicated within a week, will have cost \$25,000. Last week, in the neighboring city of Charlestown, a new high school house of a most splendid and costly character, was dedicated by the Mayor and city government, by clergy and laity.

But it is not the Mayors of cities, and Presidents of colleges alone, that engage in the work of consecra-

ting temples of education to the service of the young. Since I have been here, the Governor of the Commonwealth, Mr. Briggs, went to Newburyport, a distance of forty miles, to attend the dedication of a school house which cost \$25,000. On a late occasion, when the same excellent Chief Magistrate travelled forty miles to attend the dedication of a school house in the country, some speaker congratulated the audience because the Governor of the Commonwealth had come down from the executive Chair to honor the occasion. "No," said he, "I have come up to the occasion to be honored by it." Within the last year \$200,000 have been given by individuals to Harvard College. Within a little longer time than this, the other two colleges in the State have received, together, a still larger endowment, from individuals or the State.

These measures are a part of a great system which we are carrying on for the elevation of the race. Last year the voters of Massachusetts, in their respective towns, voluntarily taxed themselves about a million of dollars for the support of common schools. We have an old law on the statute book, requiring towns to tax themselves for the support of public schools, but the people have long since lost sight of this law in the munificence of their contributions. Massachusetts is now erecting a reform school for vagrant and exposed children—so many of whom come to us from abroad—which will cost the State more than a hundred thousand dollars. An unknown individual has given \$20,000 dollars towards it. We educate all our deaf and dumb and blind. An appropriation was made by the last legislature to establish a school for idiots, in imitation of those beautiful institutions in Paris, in Switzerland, and in Berlin, where the most revolting and malicious of this deplorable class are tamed into docility, made lovers of order and neatness, and capable of performing many valuable services. The future teacher of this school is now abroad, preparing himself for his work. A few years ago, Mr. Everett, the present President of Harvard College, then Governor of the State, spoke the deep convictions of Massachusetts people, when in a public address on education, he exhorted the fathers and mothers of Massachusetts in the following words: "Save," said he, "save, spare, scrape, stint, starve, do anything but steal," to educate your children. And Dr. Howe, the noble hearted dictator of the Institution for the Blind, lately uttered the deepest sentiments of our citizens when in speaking of our duties to the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the idiot, he said: "The sight of any human being left to brutish ignorance, is always demoralizing to the beholder. There floats not upon the stream of life a wreck of humanity, so utterly shattered and crippled, but that its signals of distress should challenge attention and command assistance."

Sir, it was all glowing and fervid with sentiments like these, that a few weeks ago, I entered this House, sentiments transfused into my soul from without, even if I had no vital spark of nobleness to kindle them within. Imagine, then, my strong revulsion of feeling, when the first set, elaborate speech which I heard, was that of the gentleman from Virginia, proposing to extend ignorance to the uttermost bounds of this Republic; to legalize it, to enforce it, to necessitate it, and make it eternal. Since him, many others have advocated the same abhorrent doctrine. Not satisfied with dooming a whole race of our fellow-beings to mental darkness, impervious and everlasting—not satisfied with drawing this black curtain of ignorance between man and nature, between the human soul and its God, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, across half the continent—they desire to increase this space ten, twenty, millions more, and to unfold and spread out its black

curtain across the other half of the continent. When, sir, in the halls of legislation, men advocate measures like this, it is no figure of speech to say, that their words are the clanking of multitudinous letters; each gesture of their arms tears human flesh with ten thousand sand whips; each exhalation of their breath spreads clouds of moral darkness from horizon to horizon.

Twenty years ago a sharp sensation ran through the nerves of the civilized world, at the story of a young man, named Casper Hauser, found in the city of Nuremberg, in Bavaria. Though sixteen or seventeen years of age, he could not walk or talk. He heard without understanding, he saw without perceiving more, he moved without definite purpose. It was the soul of an infant in the body of an adult. After he had learned to speak, he related that, from his earliest recollection, he had always been kept in a hole so small that he could not stretch out his limbs, where he saw no light, heard no sound, nor even witnessed the faint glances of the attendant who brought him his scanty food. For many years, conjecture was rife concerning his history, and all Germany was searched to discover his origin. After a long period of fruitless inquiry and speculation, public opinion settled down into the belief that he was the victim of some great, unnatural crime, which that he was heir to some throne, and had been sequestered by ambition; or the inheritor of vast wealth, and had been hidden away by cupidity; or the offspring of a spring of criminal indulgence, and had been buried alive to avoid exposure and shame. A German, Von Feuerbach, published an account of Casper, entitled "The Example of a Crime on the Life of a Soul."

But why go to Europe to be thrilled with the pathetic story of a human being shrouded from the light of nature, and cut off from the knowledge of duty and of God? To-day, in this boasted land of light and liberty, there are three million Casper Hausers, and as if this were not enough, it is proposed to multiply their number tenfold, and to fill up all the Western world with these proofs of human avarice and guilt. It is proposed that we ourselves should create, and should publish to the world, not one, but untold millions of "Examples of a Crime on the Life of the Soul." It is proposed that the self-styled freeman, the self-styled christian, of fifteen great States in this American Union, should engage in the work of procreating, rearing, and selling Casper Hausers, often from their own loins; and that any further development of soul or body is allowed to the American victims than was permitted to the Bavarian child, it is only because such development will increase their market value at the barracoone. It is not from any difference of motive, but only the better to insure that motive's indulgence. The slave child, must be allowed to use his limbs, or how could he drudge out his life in the service of his master? The slave infant must be taught to walk, or how, under the shadow of this thrice glorious Capitol, could he join the coffee for New Orleans.

I know, sir, that it has been said, within a short time past, that Casper Hauser was an impostor, and his story a fiction. Would to God that this could ever be said of his fellow victims in America.

CHILDREN—Children may teach us an enviable art—the art of being happy. Nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the pleasant child is happier than the prince. Free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures. He can carve out felicity from a bit of hard twig, or find successfully for it in a puddle.

"THE DAILY GOVERNESS."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the adjacent sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernable to the keenest vision—his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's side garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieus, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived, a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter, than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, wiltingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), thinking that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy for that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than we had realized our early dreams—those bubbles titled in a child's active brain.

Her father died and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away, to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast pearls to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That she will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And there are not dozens—scores, who would be glad to proceed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the tragic art, and the life of the daily governess, in the larger circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for, to tell the purely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being water-proof. She had sat all day with her feet once before, from the same cause, and much she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was as familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy feel to ask him after the child that was scalded—a 'right accident' that—or whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Martin," retorted Dame

Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks! Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss—Miss—I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of an humble dependent, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I was in my dishabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we made her acquaintance, "are you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous: you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'am," replied Lucy, brightening.

"Mr. Robert," she says that he has read—he is a great reader as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of play-house thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know, of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play-house name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if it's a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not a play in five acts, with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer,

"something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am, said Lucy, astonished."

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On this same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foin gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hincheliff was not only failing in health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night on her hired piano, in fulfilment to her promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do that, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the tollgate keeper. He saw she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She has indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hincheliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but, as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I was unable to run them through last night, ma'am, stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are not ready with those quadrilles again,

Miss Hincheliff," exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith, "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—or don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one—"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

"What could Lucy say, but that her books were Priscilla's service?"

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hincheliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying at home? She would not be obliged to leave her early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterward. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which there are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the tollgate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed to lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold, rainy, November night—Lucy Hincheliff sat in her little room by her fire, pondering much over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who, being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantelshelf, and seemed to ask the advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled.

Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No. He wore a brand new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watchguard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," said, bashfully. I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a year. I saw no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than a man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming

And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we live in a fine house now—and be of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we would take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was the whit nearer waking.

And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow: and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and walked freely. But he recollected himself, and took that off again.

You wish me to be governess of your children? I understand you aright?" said Lucy only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, miss, if you please; and if two hundred a year would satisfy you, why—why it's done, and it's just where it is."

I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

as all true—that was the best of it. The man really inherited a large fortune, left him by some one hitherto unheard of. And was not his early

thought about the poor governess, who gave him a word every morning, and inquired after Billy,

was scalded? Yes; for he had heard of her death, and the proud consciousness of being

to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated him as much as the possession of a thousand pounds

annum. Lucy, of course would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally

settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells on the quondam toll-keeper, and looks happy—very

small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the

purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

CONSOLATION IN TEACHING.

amidst all the difficulties with which the instructor has to contend, there is much to alleviate his burdens, and to cheer him in his troubles and perplexities, and to encourage him in his exertions. True, he is

subject to the contempt of the ignorant aristocrat, the vanity of the purse-proud millionaire, and the neglect of the ambitious politician. He can rarely as-

sume the honors of office, or to the ease and luxuries of wealth. But, at such apparently disheartening cir-

cumstances, sound philosophy and genuine philanthropy smile. There is a luxury in doing good, which

richly compensates for many deprivations. The principle enemies against which the instructor

has to combat, are vice and ignorance. He is, therefore, never called upon to battle in any unjust cause.

He never has to defend the wrong in opposition to the right, and his most efficient weapons are bloodless

weapons. Aloof from the turmoils of political strife, beyond the influence of that most bewitching and most

seductive of syrens, ambition for political distinction, and the jaundiced by inordinate thirst for gold, he is

comparatively removed from temptations to which other classes of men are exposed. The legitimate object of his exertions, the end of his proper aspirations, is to impart and develop the good and the true, to repress and correct the evil and the false, to make mankind wiser, purer, truer, holier. What a glorious goal for ambition, purified from its gross and poisonous elements!

The materials, too, placed in the teacher's hands—what are they? Immortal minds, in their nascent and most pliant state, ready to be moulded into forms of undying beauty and perfection, or distorted into shapes of hideous and ever during ugliness. The sculptor fashions out the inanimate marble into the "counterfeit presentment" of a man, while he who converts an ignorant and vicious child into a well-informed and virtuous citizen, creates, it may be said, the real man himself. The instructions, admonition and exhortations of the clergyman, too often fall ineffectively upon the indurated heart of the adult, and not unfrequently, are too general and comprehensive to reach the feeble understanding of the young. But the intelligent, kind-hearted teacher, can adapt his instructions to the comprehension and affections of his tender and flexible charge. Here, then, is a field worthy of the highest efforts of the wisest and most skillful husbandman.

Besides, how cheering to the teacher are the subsequent success and respectability of his pupils. To possess sensible evidence that we have been instrumental in sending out into the world, men and women who are an ornament to their country and a blessing to their race, is surely no slight compensation for the anxieties we may have suffered, the toils we may have endured, and the patience and perseverance we may have exercised. To feel that we have rescued even one individual from an ignominious or premature death, is more true and lasting glory than to have won a crown. And then the gratitude cherished by his pupils throughout life, towards a faithful instructor, comes to his heart like refreshing dew-drops.

Finally, the teacher's vocation is becoming more and more appreciated; and he himself, as he improves in character and knowledge, fulfils more faithfully and efficiently the sacred charge entrusted to him, attains to increased respect and a higher remuneration for his services.

With such motives to cheerfulness and energetic action, let no teacher despair; let none despise or slight his calling; for even the humble and obscure guide of the lowest grade of children, may be accomplishing the true purposes of life, far more perfectly than he who rides victorious over conquered nations, or he who sits in jeweled majesty, sovereign over the richest and broadest domains.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

GOOD MANNERS.

We know a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed and ungracious, who, whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil; and who, moreover, seems to be quite content, and even proud, of his incivility. And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this is nothing more than a bad habit of his, which has insensibly fastened upon him; and that he goes through the world—a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact, that so small a thing as his manners is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation, such as ten years hence he may regret as the greatest blunder of his life.

Would it not be well for every young man to remember the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker banker, when asked the secret of his success in life, answered "Civility, friend—civility!" How much

does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in the intercourse of society? Rather, how much does it cost a young man to form his habits, which, if formed, will sit upon him easily, gracefully, and profitably, so long as he lives? Far more often depends on this little, than any other single adventitious circumstance by which men rise and fall. We may look around us, at any time, and see men high in place and power, who have not attained that elevation by force of individual character or great knowledge, but simply from the fact that the trifling graces of life have not been despised. It is not a dancing master's grace that is now referred to, but that benevolence of manner that recognizes in little things the rights of others, and fully acknowledges such rights. The thousand ways in which this little courtesy does good, need hardly be mentioned. It may be said, however, that a courteous manner has a reflective influence on the benevolent feelings. It is a source of gratification to the man who practices it. If it sits naturally upon a man, it is a passport to any place and any circle. It has smoothed a rough path for men first starting in business, and has been one of the things that has often crowned efforts with success. The man of experience, looking on an ungracious manner in a young person just starting into the world with nothing he can depend on but himself, is not angered, but rather pained, by what he sees knowing, as he does, that the want of that little something to please as we go along, will cause many a rough jog in the road, which, otherwise, might be as smooth as a summer stream. Wear a hinge in your neck young man, and keep it well oiled.

HOW TO INTEREST SCHOLARS.

Earnestness in any pursuit is essential to success, and almost sure to secure it. "Where there is a will there is a way," is an old adage, and it is no less true that where there is no will there may as well be no way. It is very common for most who are about to make their first attempt at teaching, if they enter upon it with any degree of interest, to feel certain there can be but little difficulty in awakening an interest in all their pupils. The knowledge acquired is in itself so full of interest, and there is so high a delight springing from success, while the very exercise of our powers is fitted to afford pleasure, and their growth consequent on their exercise, a still higher pleasure; that he feels that no one can remain uninterested.

Now all this is true. The mind like the body craves food and exercise; knowledge is this food and study the exercise. The common and fatal error is to overload the stomach with indigestible food so as to produce loathing, and to impose upon the yet feeble shoulders a load which crushes to the earth. Is it wonderful that there is no mental activity produced, and no generous enthusiasm excited?

What then will the practical teacher do? He will study closely the characters of his pupils; he will form his opinion of their different temperaments and abilities, and so far as possible what has been their previous instruction. If he finds a disrelish for study—a disposition to avoid it as far as possible, and an unwillingness even to listen to patient explanations, he does not attempt to remedy the evil simply by telling them what they ought and what they ought not to do, or by doling out to them a lecture on the importance and value of knowledge. These arguments are valid enough, but the evil to be remedied is not to be reached in this way. Arguments addressed to children must be nearer intuition than this. Duty must be made pleasant, or they will engage in it with little interest

Arguments drawn from the distant future have far less weight than those, far more tangible ones in the living present. Still the teacher has a basis, and when he has found where it lies, no matter how far down, he may begin to build upon it, only let him be careful to lay well the foundation before he attempts too splendid or imposing a superstructure.

This basis is that activity and that craving for knowledge implanted in every mind. This natural activity may be perverted, almost destroyed, and this craving turned to disgust; but they cannot be wholly obliterated, and while a spark remains, with careful fanning and proper fuel, they may again be kindled into an active flame. No child can be so stupid as not to be interested in something, and the skillful teacher will find the means to increase an interest once excited, and turn it gradually into the desired channel. Let this be a fundamental rule, never to attempt to make a pupil study that in which he cannot be expected to feel an interest, and let it be remembered that with young children this interest must lie in the study itself since arguments drawn from a more distant source will not affect them.

In order to awaken an interest in his pupils, the teacher must himself both feel and manifest an interest in what he communicates. The Latin poet was right when he said: "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself," and so if the teacher wishes his scholars to be interested he must be so himself. This interest, if it be genuine, can scarcely fail to communicate itself, for there is a cord in every breast which vibrates to the same note, and is peculiarly sensitive in children. A skillful hand will learn to touch it effectually. When once this interest is awakened the same means will keep it in existence and increase it.

Suppose the teacher to have succeeded thus far. The minds of his scholars are beginning to act, though feebly and irregularly—the spark is but just giving birth to the flame. Shall we now pile on the fuel in masses? Rather should he still apportion the labor to the slowly increasing strength of his subject, and still feed the fire with fuel that will be in no danger of smothering it. Gradually he will increase the task taking care each time to reach as near the capacity of the scholar as possible.

This will require care and a nice judgment, but is of vital importance—not so much that he may lead the greatest amount possible, as because the mind will gain strength fastest by being exercised always to the extent of its powers.—*Ohio Observer.*

"VALUE OF EDUCATION."

There is no trade, no kind of manual labor, indeed no employment in life, for which, other things being equal, a man is not better fitted, and in which he may not do a better service to society, if he be educated than if he is not; and this too, independently of the great increase of happiness to himself, arising from the manly exercise of all that is manly in him. The laboring man cannot too soon learn, that if he seeks for his children a good education, it will be far better for them than well cultivated acres—a good understanding will be better than great riches. The truth ought early to be impressed on the minds of the young that all real excellence and manliness have their beginning in moral and intellectual education. It is this which makes the man; it is the natural unfolding of growth of man made in God's image; it fits him for usefulness, and lays an immovable foundation for most enduring and refined pleasure. With such education, he may become an ornament and a blessing to society; and then, whatever place he may occupy

—be he farmer or trader, fisherman or tinker, no one can rob him of his manhood.

There is no interest of society which will not receive a most needful and better impulse from the better education of the people. It has been thoroughly tested, that all judicious and liberal expenditure of money for giving a more thorough education to the people, will be returned to them with double interest, in the increasing thrift and wealth and virtue of the community. There is no way to permanent prosperity so sure or so natural, as that which begins in education—in the proper cultivation of the mind, the waking up of its creative energy. It is the very worst economy that can be practiced, to neglect the improvement of our schools, and suffer ignorance and its legion of evils to continue and increase upon us. And the farmer or mechanic, or any one else, who suffers his children to go forth into the world with no other than an apology for an education which our common schools now afford, will do them an irreparable injury. If their minds have not received a stimulus; if a strong desire for mental improvement has not been awakened, they are not fitted to enter on the duties of a manly life. Because they have strong limbs and well turned frames, and are six feet high, they are not therefore men. They are men indeed in outward form, but they are dwarfs in mind; and yet with the mind, men most usefully and happily serve both God and the world. The spring of all healthful prosperity is in the cultivation of the mind, and the vigorous exercise of its faculties. In our manufacturing towns, the power which gives life and motion and prosperity, proceeds from the busy brains of educated men. And the world over, we shall find it to be true, that the greater the amount of general education, the greater will be the power and wealth and prosperity of the people.—*C. nn. School Manual.*

CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

The moral cultivation of children belongs mainly to parents, at home; and is achieved more by example than by precept. The boy whose father abhors a lie, seldom becomes a liar. Children are imitative beings; and, as imitation soon becomes habit, parents cannot be too careful what examples for imitation they set. We do not pretend to lay down rules for moral training; a sufficiency of them for every practical purpose will be found between the covers of that ancient and much neglected book, the Bible, and it is for parents to make the application clear to their children. We would have the young taught to think for themselves and assisted to think justly, and to do this, the parent must himself be capable of thinking justly.

To think for themselves! And how are they to be taught to think for themselves? In various ways, and if we may be allowed to recommend any branch of education particularly, by the study of the exact sciences; at least, to some extent. It is true that every boy is not qualified by nature to become a great mathematician, but almost every one is capable of being taught that twice two are four, and we would cultivate whatever mathematical talent a pupil has, were it ever so little. And why, we may be asked, should he study algebra and geometry, if he is to be a farmer or a shop keeper? For this reason: it will teach him to think, to weigh every thing, to take nothing for granted without sufficient reason, to examine whatever is doubtful or suspicious, to detect error, and very often to arrive at truth. It will make him in a measure independent of the opinions of others; for he who thinks much and deeply is, if of healthy mind,

competent to form opinions of his own. The elements of Euclid is an easy and delightful book, which it does not require any extraordinary capacity or much time to master; but we will venture to affirm that the few days or weeks spent upon it will give the student a habit of thinking and close reasoning that will never depart from him, and that will be of inestimable advantage to him through life.

TEACH YOUR PUPILS THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

Teach all your pupils the *laws of health*, and present them as the *laws of God*, which they commit sin in violating, and then *set them an example of strict obedience to them yourselves*. And do not teach *empirically* and *ex-cathedra*, but show them the philosophy of the matter, *why* it is thus and so, and *how* it is, that penalties must follow disobedience to these laws; and enforce obedience to them by every method you can command. Make them understand how fresh air purifies the blood and invigorates the nerves, and see that the school-room is ventilated abundantly. Inquire, too, respecting their lodging rooms, and advise them how to secure their proper ventilation, and ascertain whether they do it. Teach them what kinds of food and drinks are unhealthful, and *why* they are so. Teach them the evils of eating too much, eating too often, of eating too fast, and of taking food and drink too warm. Teach them the beautiful operation of alcoholic and narcotic drinks. Teach them the offices of the skin, and the necessity of frequent ablutions, for preserving health. Teach them the necessity of warm clothing, and of guarding the eyes from excessive light, and when weak, the evil of using them before breakfast, or by candle light. Teach them the danger of excessive mental excitement, either by intellectual effort or protracted care and anxiety, and the indispensable preservative sought in *muscular exercise in the open air*. And on this last topic, beware yourselves of the rocks.—*Miss C. E. Beecher.*

OFFICIAL.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Department of Common Schools,
Albany, Sept. 2, 1848.

DEAR SIR:

My attention has just been called to a Prospectus of the N. Y. Tribune, covering an entire page of the District School Journal.

It appears to me that the Journal is not the appropriate medium for advertising partisan journals.

It is true that you perform your contract with the State, by publishing all orders and communications emanating from this department, but there is a tacit understanding, that the paper shall be entirely free from any thing of a party character, whether in the reading or advertising columns.

Very Respectfully,
CHRISTOPHER MORGAN,
Sup't. Common Sch. Sls.

EDWARD COOPER, Esq., Editor District School Jour.

Justice to all interested in the District School Journal requires a little explanation in regard to the insertion of the Prospectus so appropriately alluded to by the Department; It having been received in Stereotype form, and from Publishers of several valuable works of a scientific and agricultural character, it was not read by the Editor, in consequence of illness, until the entire edition was nearly thrown from the press. The supposition that the advertisement related to books of acknowledged merit occasioned an in advertency that will not occur in future.—*Editor.*

DISTRICT SCHOOL JOURNAL.

SYRACUSE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1848.

METHODS OF TEACHING

The July number of the *Westminster Review*, contains an elaborate and ably written paper on English university education, elicited by the perusal of Dr Whewell's books on the leading studies of the University of Cambridge. The reviewer, after treating upon the mode of organization and objects of an extensive university system, takes up as his second point, *the methods of teaching*. The great aim should be, to teach every subject of study in such a manner as to enable learners to derive the utmost possible benefit from the instruction, and therefore this question must necessarily be of primary importance in arranging the details of a useful educational system in any country. The writer in the Review very justly remarks as follows:

"Some processes are more effectual than others, for conveying the lessons with precision and force; and there are many useful devices for exciting the minds of the learners to vigorous self-exercise, which is an essential part of education. To facilitate the communication of knowledge and ideas, the subjects to taught are usually laid out in the order that they can be most easily taken up, in lesson-books, text-books, grammars and manuals. There are also the accompaniments of diagrams, models, specimens, and experiments. Dictionaries, commentaries, and books of reference, supply what is lacking in the straight-forward course of the expositions. Teachers are sought out that are masters of their subjects, clear in their statements, expressive in their manner and demeanor, quick in apprehending the stumbling-blocks in the learner's path, and ingenious in illustrative devices. To compel the active exertion of the scholar's own faculties, there have been many contrivances. In learning languages, the pupil is set to divine for himself the meaning of his author, and to attempt an exposition of this to the teacher, before receiving any assistance;—a method that very effectually answers its end. In arithmetic, and mathematics generally, the pupil receives a rule, and sees an example or two of its working, and is then set to solve other cases by his own unaided powers; which, also, is a very strong security for the mind's exerting itself. A very old and widely employed device, for the like purpose, is the system of public disputations: this is applicable to a different class of subjects, such as ethics, politics, history, theology, and others of the like character. The exaction of original essays from the pupils has the same tendency. But of all methods, *viva voce* examination, in presence of a whole class or school, on whatever has been taught or discussed, is the most effectual and the most universally applicable way of bringing the acquirements of the scholars to the active test. A teacher's success will probably depend more on his capability of managing these examinations, than on any other point of his character. His eloquence may inspire enthusiasm, and his lucid expressions, and well-timed illustrations, may make him intelligible and interesting; but unless he can bring his audience, individually, to the proof of what each has learned, he will fail in depositing knowledge in the state requisite for its being turned to account."

This is followed by a few sentences commendatory of prizes as a means of emulation. We have long

entertained serious objections to a system of emulation so invidious, and one that cannot awaken either in the recipients or disappointed competitors, those feelings which correspond to the spirit of a christian education. We therefore pass over several paragraphs to the following on the teachers profession:

"With regard to the tutorial system at Cambridge or the plan of bringing forward men into the teaching office, we cannot but pronounce it lax and inefficient in the highest degree. It is a kind of voluntary system, each pupil choosing any one he pleases from among the resident members of the university. There is no account taken of the teaching capabilities of the tutors, except in so far as these may make them popular with the undergraduates themselves. But scholars are not the best judges of their teachers; nor is any graduate of a college a qualified teacher, as a matter of course. In all other places—in schools, academies, and colleges, not on the English model, a man's fitness to communicate knowledge is a primary consideration, in setting him over the education of youth, and the person appointed is aware that such a capability is expected to be shown: he therefore pays some attention to the art of teaching, visits the schools where good methods are to be seen, and has a just ambition of being a proficient in his art. This is neither seen nor expected in a body of such a random constitution as the Cambridge and Oxford tutors. No appointing body stakes its credit on their fitness to teach; and the actual capabilities of a really good teacher are very little recognized: they are neither an example nor a stimulus to others. True merit may blush unseen in a college tutor; his pupils cannot adequately represent it, either by word of mouth or by their own proficiency. But in the educational world at large, so much stress is laid upon aptness to teach, as distinguished from the mere possession of knowledge, that an apprenticeship to teaching is begun to be insisted on. We have normal seminaries, where the rising educator goes to practice the art under the direction of good masters, and according to the most approved methods; and where any one naturally disqualified is excluded from the profession, and eminent proficient are designate for important situations. This is as it should be; and it is our highest advance in educational method; while the English universities, and many of the village schools, exhibit the lowest state of the art."

The great question for solution by the friends of education, involves many difficult points. The establishment of good and efficient appliances for facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, securing the benefits of sound discipline, and such a regulation of the habits of mind and body, as will give society a complete man, should be the first object of every government. Prominent among these are text-books and works for explanation and reference, maps, charts and apparatus; yet all these may approximate perfection with but little advantage to the great mass of learners, unless those charged with the duty of instruction be equal to their task, and pursue a system that shall enable the emanations of the living mind to make deep and lasting impressions upon the taught. Pertinent to this point, the reviewer says:

"The private character of the English university tutorage is radically opposed to its efficiency. It prevents the abilities and methods of one teacher from being examples to others. If a tutor sits in a room

EDITOR'S TABLE.

with one or five pupils, let him charm ever so wisely his influence is but trivial. An eminent teacher, under the public system, sitting at his desk before fifty or a hundred pupils, keeping them all astir and attentive, is a shining light to a large circle; he reproduces himself in a large number of scholars, and spreads his arts and devices far and wide over society. People come from the utmost part of the land to witness his proceedings, and to catch the secrets of his success. But in the private system, though a man teach like Jardine or Arnold, (which however is impossible, as they accomplished their triumphs partly through the influence of a large mass upon each individual,) he can never reach a commanding stage, nor put out his talents to good advantage. In short, there exists neither a mechanism for imparting the high teaching capability, nor an opportunity for it to do its perfect work, if it should chance to appear. There is no pedestal provided for a shining light, and no effort made to light it up."

These strictures are undoubtedly just, and they indicate to the friends of education in this country, that our own system, however defective in other respects, is based upon right principles in regard to the education of teachers, and the methods employed for bringing the largest number under the same instruction. The plan of Normal schools is well calculated to obviate the evils which rest upon the English university system—mere dull scholarship, instead of practical and useful knowledge. The same may also be said of our academies and colleges, in each of which there is a community of feeling and interest. In our common schools and higher institutions, there is a "floating intellect" which acts upon individual minds, and thus knowledge is imparted by the atmosphere or the *genius loci*, which acts as a powerful stimulus upon pupils. Hence the advantages of large schools and classes, when all the arrangements are complete. Their benefits on mind and the formation of habits, are of more importance than the economy of such a system.

But who can best administer such a system, the teacher educated by a private tutor for some other pursuit, or one well qualified by his natural aptness to teach, his acquirements and experience? Whence comes this experience, but at the expense of the young, or by the privileges of Normal school education? Those who have taught for years, have been educating themselves by converting the scene of their labors into Normal schools. Shall their successors be compelled to follow their example, or is it more wise and just for the state to furnish Normal schools for training up teachers. It were a matter of little consequence, were it not that the opening intellect of future generations, must bear the evils of the continuous experiments of those acquiring the teachers' profession. Good faith to posterity demands this much of the government, and the interests of humanity will not be promoted, until the practical duties of instructing the youth of our country are committed to the hands of those whom nature and professional acquisition have fitted for the work.

✎ Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Prominent among the educational events of the last month, is the anniversary of the New York State Teachers Association. We published a programme of its proceedings in our last, which was followed during the sessions of the meeting. Our limits preclude more than a scanty outline of the proceedings, and therefore we substitute such remarks as we deem pertinent to the character and objects of the meeting.

We have no hesitation in placing the last anniversary of the association, in point of harmony and courteous bearing between its members, far above each preceding one; yet there was a spirit of dictation manifested by some who aspired to be leaders, which, as on former occasions, elicited remarks not in accordance with the spirit which should inspire the teacher to the full discharge of duty. An improvement, however, upon the past, warrants the belief that the association will be permanent, and the hope that it will accomplish much good. After an able and appropriate introductory address by the president, S. B. Woolworth, A.M., the programme of exercises was commenced with the reading of a report by Mr. Kenyon of Allegany, from the committee on Emulation in Schools. After giving the definition of the term *emulation*, Mr. Kenyon proceeded to justify and defend a just and virtuous spirit of emulation in every youth, and to show that without this great mainspring of human action, no youth could ever acquire eminence or respectability in any of the walks of life. He then referred to the different methods of exciting emulation, viz: force, coaxing, and by natural means. Each of these different modes were briefly referred to, and the two first condemned in strong and eloquent terms. The rod, as a stimulus, was condemned as brutal, inefficient, and calculated to blunt the sensibilities, and degrade the mind. The "coaxing" mode was also referred to, and the system of offering premiums to stimulate emulation, forcibly condemned, as calculated to act on the smallest possible number of a school, and as unjust to all, except those who, from superior advantages, enter into competition for the prizes offered to those who may stand the best examination. The arguments against these two methods, proved that the committee had given them a thorough investigation, and were so strongly presented and aptly illustrated, as to leave little doubt that both methods are attended with the most injurious and even dangerous results on the minds of scholars.

The natural method of exciting emulation was next presented. This was defined to be the innate love of knowledge in the mind of childhood, and recommended as the only true and safe plan of leading youth in the path of science, and of drawing out all the dormant energies of their minds. The remarks of the committee on this point were enforced by appropriate and able suggestions.

The author of the report condemned the use of the rod as a means of emulation, in terms somewhat offensive to those who regard a well-whipped school among the best evidences of professional competency. This excited an animated discussion of some length, on a motion to accept the report, which was finally carried by a good majority.

Reports, or essays were read upon the several subjects which had been announced. Most of them were characterized by ability, and were in every respect worthy of forming a part of the proceedings of a state association of teachers. In the evening of the first day, Mr. How, Principal of the Canandaigua Academy, read a report on the educational policy of the state, the consideration of which was postponed until the next morning. It very properly took strong ground

in favor of our common schools, academies and colleges; but, as improperly made thrusts by inuendo and false inferences against the Normal school. Indeed this seemed to be the main object of the essay. The *Auburn Daily Advertiser* gives the following sketch of the debate upon it.

Mr. Field, of New York, addressed the association in support of the report of the committee on the educational policy of the state, and in opposition to the Normal school system of the state.

Mr. Cooper, of Onondaga, moved to amend the resolutions attached to the report, so as to include Normal Schools and Teacher's Institutes, as entitled to the bounty of the state.

Mr. How explained that he had no enmity to Normal schools, but that the adoption of Mr. Cooper's resolution would destroy the spirit of the report.

Mr. St. John appealed to Mr. Cooper to withdraw his amendment.

Mr. Cooper explained his reason for declining to withdraw it. He spoke with ability and earnestness in defence of the Normal school system, and argued in favor of its great value in the plan of education now in operation in this state, as a means for qualifying persons for the important and responsible duties of teachers.

Mr. Field of New York, moved that the amendment be laid on the table, which was lost.

Mr. Fanning, of New York, spoke in opposition to the amendment, and as calculated, if adopted, to place the report in a ridiculous light.

The vote was then taken on the amendment, and adopted—yeas 60, nays 29.

The resolution as amended was also adopted by a large majority, and Mr. How was instructed to modify the report to correspond with the sentiment of the resolutions. This is the third attempt to get an expression of the teachers of the state against the system of Normal schools, insidiously made by those whose motives can only be appreciated by their perseverance and the means employed to effect their purpose; but the accumulated evidence in favor of the New York State Normal school, is too satisfactory to allow either local or professional envy to injure its well earned reputation.

The association proceeded to a ballot for President which resulted as follows:

Whole number,	107
Mr. C. R. Coburn, Tioga,	56
Mr. Bulkley, of Albany,	25
Mr. Brittan, of Wayne,	12
Mr. How, of Ontario,	6
Scattering,	8

Mr. Coburn was therefore declared duly elected, and he returned his thanks in a few appropriate remarks.

On motion, Mr. Coburn's election was unanimously confirmed. Nominations were next made for Vice Presidents, which resulted in the election of Nathan Brittan, W. W. Newman, W. C. Kenyon and H. How.

Mr. Joseph MKeen was elected Corresponding Secretary, James Johannot, Recording Secretary, and T. W. Field, Treasurer.

Professor Lowe of Geneva College, delivered an address which presented an examination of the present system of education in this state, and of the various institutions of learning, which constitute that system. He assumed the ground that colleges were a necessary part of this system, and contended for an enlarged and liberal policy towards them on the part of the state. Colleges, he declared, were always aristocratic when not properly endowed, and democratic when so endowed; and the reason for this, was stated to be, that in the well endowed college all could gain admittance, while to the poor college, only the rich can afford to go.

Mrs. Willard, of Troy, next delivered an address to the

association, on the general advantages of education to the people of the United States, and the great importance of the high vocation in which members of the association were engaged.

She alluded in beautiful and appropriate language to the absolute necessity of virtue and religion to qualify teachers for the successful pursuit of their important profession. The address was listened to with evident indications of profound interest and satisfaction. It was as a whole, a production of great ability and rare beauty.

Several other reports were read and resolutions adopted, among which was one calling upon teachers to circulate petitions in favor of free schools in their respective districts, and forward them with the signatures, to the school department at Albany. This was done for the purpose of collecting the popular sentiment of the state on this subject and placing it where it may be submitted to the legislature.

The following, prepared and read as a composition at the late examination of the Troy Female Seminary by one of the pupils, will be read with the favor due to historic truth and excellent poetry; nor can it fail to impress the reader with the admirable system of instruction which has so well developed the talents of the gifted writer, and inspire a higher regard for the cause of female education. Such specimens of composition are useful models, affording instruction and pleasure to all classes of readers—*Editor*.

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

Eight centuries the Moor had dwelt in bright and sunny Spain,
And suddenly the Spaniard brooked the conquering Moslem's reign;
But proudly stood the towering mosque and slender minaret,
The palace, with its marble halls, and domes, and columns light;
With frescoed walls, and arabesques, and silken draperies,
With cool and fragrant gardens, and groves of orange trees.
The haughty Moorish monarch sat in silk and jewels drest,
But a bold and fiery spirit lurked within the silken vest;
And the flashing eye, and curling lip, betrayed the warlike souls
Of noble lords and cavaliers, that thronged the palace halls;
And the walls of the Alhambra, though with dazzling gold they shone,
Were strong, and thick, and fortress-like, and built of massive stone.
Against Zahara's fortress marched the Moorish King in fight,
And boldly scaled her battlements in dark tempestuous night;
And mingled with the blinding storm that tore the raging sky,
The fiercer storm of fire and sword, the fiendish battle-cry
Swept wildly through Zahara's streets, and rocked her walls of stone,
And thundered round her heaven-built towers, and shook her rock-piled throne.

Back to Granada's palace, in triumph passed the King,
And with the shout of victory, the Alhambra's courts did ring.

When the exulting army saw, with weary step and slow,
Zahara's mourning captives to Granada's dungeons go,
Their fallen city weeping and wailing for their dead,
And glancing fiercely at their chains with every painful tread.

Then to the gorgeous presence of the haughty conqueror,
A wild-eyed hermit fiercely strode, with streaming locks and hoar;

And with frantic look and gesture, and bold prophetic voice,
He mingled with their revellings, their music and their joys;
A fearful tale of woe within Granada's walls,
Of death and loud lamenting in Alhambra's lofty halls.

When to the stately Court of Spain the dismal tidings came
Of Zahara's desolation, fierce flashed the fadignant flame
From many a haughty noble's eye, and many a gleaming sword,

Snatched from the golden scabbard of gentle knight and lord,
Was pledged with many a solemn oath of deep and deadly hate.

To work the work of vengeance for Zahara's mournful fate.

Forth from the royal city of the fiery Ferdinand,
The Marquis Don Rodrigo marched with bold impetuous band

Of proud and daring chivalry, arrayed for battle's toils;
And through the rugged passes of Granada's mountain walls,

He led the brave and hostile train in all its pomp and power,
And raised the christian banner from Alhambra's conquered tower.

Terrific was the ruin wrought by the furious foe
Within the Moorish city, and loud the wail of woe
Through the Alhambra sounded, when the startling tale was told,

That in one night of deadly fight, a band of christians bold
Had brought upon Granada the fearful storm of war,
And drenched Alhambra's courts and streets with blood of slaughtered Moor.

But loud the hymn of praise arose from every hill and plain,
When tidings of the conquest rung throughout the land of Spain.

The christian sovereigns humbly knelt to pay the homage due

To Him who gave them victory o'er the proud Paynim crew,

From the cathedral choir arose Te Deum's solemn swell,
And with their thanks the prayer was breathed against the infidel.

From the gates of Antiquera passed a gay and brilliant band
Of brave and haughty cavaliers from Andalusia's land,
In bright and gleaming pageant, with flashing sword and lance,

All clad in steel-wrought armor that in the sunbeams glanced,
And bearing many a banner, enriched with silk and gold,
With heraldry and quaint device emblazoned on its fold.

Exultingly the army passed from Antiquera's gate,
With vaunting boasts and threatening vows that sad Alhambra's fate,

Upon the haughty Malaga, should soon in fury burst.
And with a warrior's rapture, waved their nodding plumes,

as first
From the Axarquia's rocky heights, they view their destined prey,
With its fair and fertile vega, outstretching to the sea.

The warrior band, with bounding hearts, and quick impatient tread,
Through many a wild and rugged pass, by Don Alonzo led,

Through rocky vales and torrent beds in stealthy silence passed,

Nor woke the mountain echoes with the trumpet's stirring blast,

Nor rose from all the exulting host, nor shout nor battle-cry,
As towards devoted Malaga they wound their secret way.

But from each crag and jutting cliff that walled the christians round,
The Moslem's fiery eyes unseen upon their foes looked down,

As in their fancied secrecy the straggling host advance,
And suddenly, like mountain storm, the death-winged dart and lance,

Hurled from their hidden fastnesses, in wild and savage fight
The rocky valley deluged with blood of christian knight.

The christians from the storm of death, confused and blinded fled,
And maddened by the dismal sight of heaps of mangled dead,

And wild with fright, through all the night, they wandered lost and weary,

Through dark defile, and lonely glen, and o'er the mountain dreary;
And left in many a gloomy pass, their slain and scattered host,

With many a banner stained with blood and trampled in the dust.

The sound of loud bewailing through Andalusia rung,
As the few surviving warriors came wandering, one by one,
With dimmed and battered armor, and wild and baggard eye,
From the fearful vales and mountains where their slaughtered brethren lay;

On many a silken pillow did the tear of sorrow fall,
And drapery of mourning hung in many a princely hall.

But shouts and songs of triumph from all Granada rose,
As swiftly spread the tidings that hosts of christian foes

Among the rocks of Malaga in mangled heaps were lying,
And that in Spain was nought but tears and loud lament,
and sighing:

The Spaniard's blood-stained banners on Alhambra's walls were hung,
And shouts of exultation through the gorgeous palace rung

Forth to the field of battle marched the haughty Ferdinand,
With thousands of the bravest knights from all the christian land;

With Andalusian chivalry, and warriors from Castile,
All burning deep with deadly hate against the infidel,
And vowing that each vine-clad hill, and vale, and fertile plain,

Should soon be wrested from his sway, and own the christian's reign

For many a day, and many a month, in many a mortal strife
The fated Moslems struggled for their country and for life,

But the stern and iron-hearted knights and warriors of Castile
Engaged with hate and vengeance, and fired with holy zeal
In all Granada battled against the turbaned Moor:

Alas, woe to thee, Granada! thy glorious days are o'er!

The massy walls of Malaga and Moclin's rocky towers,
Vell like the crumbling earth-banks, when the mountain torrent roars;

And through the Moorish kingdom swept the storm of fire and sword.

Till before the royal city the victor's cannon roared.
Within Alhambra's mourning courts there is no music now,

Her marble halls and fragrant airs, but mock Granada's woe.

Vain were the lance and scimeter, and vain the twanging bow,
Vain the careering war-horse, and the stirring cymbal now,

For pestilence and famine, and wild despair and death,
Through the beleaguered city stalked with foul and deadly breath.

Alas for thee, Granada! thy fate is writ in heaven!
Thy sunny kingdom to thy foes, the stern decree hath given:

From proud Alhambra's marble courts, the Moorish monarch goes,
With his diminished train lamenting sad Granada's woes;

Till on the wild and rocky heights that overlook the plain,
They pause with loud bewailing, and with tears like falling rain,

To gaze upon each lofty tower, and grove, and ruddy height,
All glancing in the beauty of beloved Granada's light.

Allah is great! exclaimed the Moor, the stern decree of heaven,
Our beautiful Granada to our haughty foe hath given.

Alas, alas, Granada! our earthly Paradise!
Thy sparkling towers and minarets are fading from our eyes,
How gloriously thou now art bathed in soft and mellow light,
But Allah to the faithful gives a Paradise more bright.

Into Granada's city poured a gay and gorgeous throng,
And all her streets resounded with triumphant shout and song;

Her marble courts re-echoed with the tread of steel-clad knight,
And all Alhambra's palace gleamed with gold and jewels bright;

From battlement and fortress burst the cannon's joyous peal,
And from Alhambra's towers waved the banner of Castile.

From many a lofty minaret gleamed the holy silver cross,
And the anthem of thanksgiving rose from many a christian voice;

Within Granada's stately mosque was heard the solemn chant,
To Christ and Mary Mother, and many a blessed saint.

Thus fell the Moorish kingdom in Granada's pleasant land;
Thus was Granada wrested from the turbaned Moslem's hand.

SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The schools in the town of Lenox, Madison county, held an impromptu celebration on Saturday the 19th ult., at Wampsville. There must have been at least 800 children present, accompanied by a goodly number of parents and friends of education. The whole affair was arranged by the Female Teachers, and placed under the direction of Mr. Chapman, their efficient Town Superintendent of Schools.

At an early hour, a procession numbering 310 children properly arranged in carriages, with their banners gaily floating to the breeze, enlivened the Clockville road, while less lengthened lines of joyous youth were meeting them in every direction as they arrived.

One school in the village of Clockville, in charge of Miss J. L. Douglass, was represented by 109 scholars, with 23 banners. The train from this district consisted of 150 persons, filling 26 wagons. The scene was thrillingly interesting when all were marshalled in due order in front of the village church. Escorted by the Sconodoc Band, they marched to the beautiful grounds in front of the residence of CHARLES DE FARRIER, Esq., where they were soon properly arranged upon seats prepared for the occasion.

The exercises consisted of Prayer by Rev. Wm. H. Cooper, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Wampsville, and addresses by Edward Cooper, of Syracuse, B. F. Chapman, Town Superintendent, Charles De Farrier, and others, with music from the band between the several speakers. During the time occupied in speeches, the closest attention was given by the large concourse of children, and the hundreds of citizens who participated with them in the pleasures and benefits of the occasion.

A collation, liberally provided and elegantly arranged, was disposed of with right good zest and becoming decorum, after which sentiments were given and responded to in the usual manner. The toasts were all pertinent to the occasion, and like the mottoes upon the banners, were rich in the truths conveyed.

Through the politeness of one of the teachers, we have been furnished with several of the sentiments, which we are reluctantly compelled to omit. We select a few to indicate the spirit of the occasion and the zeal with which the teachers enter upon the duties of their profession.

Miss Sarah Loomis, a graduate of the Normal School, made the following appropriate reference to her late gifted instructor: "The lamented D. P. PAGE—the great Teacher—the zealous advocate and firm friend of universal education.—His influence will never cease to exist, but extend in widening and glorious results to be felt long after those on whom it was personally exerted shall have gone to the same bourne, and the names of Alexander and Napoleon shall have vanished from the memory and praises of man, kind."

The deep emotion with which this sentiment was received indicate with what reverence society cherishes the memory of its real benefactors.

By B. F. Chapman.—*Punishment*—A pleasant thing, if it can be had on credit; but rather a dull article when they pay down.

By Miss Randall.—*Friendship and Love*—The leading characteristics of a female Teacher—the Archimedean lever to open the heart of a child by which it will easily receive light and intelligence.

By Jeanette L. Douglass.—*The Youth of our Country*—May they be so instructed in the great principles of Truth and Christianity, that when it is theirs to act a part on the stage of life, they may drive every vestige of injustice, and oppression, from our fair land.

By Miss Dies.—*The Rod*—A thing used by Aaron to open the waters of the Red Sea that the children of Israel might pass through unharmed, but by modern teachers it is used to afflict and punish the children of men as they pass through the Red Sea of knowledge.

By Roswell Randall.—*The Teachers of our Country*—A peace-army infinitely more valuable than the war-army which invaded Mexico. May their days be as prosperous as their profession is honorable and useful.

By Sophia Loomis.—*Integrity* without knowledge is weak and worthless, but *knowledge* without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

A large number of sentiments, interspersed with music from the band, were presented, and responded to in an appropriate manner; and the exercises closed without one occurrence to mar the pleasures of the occasion, and only to add to the impetus given to the cause of education by the faithful and energetic teachers of that town. We wish them the success due to their enlightened efforts, and hope the community among whom they labor will reward them liberally and respect them for their good works.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.—We would remind Town Superintendents and Teachers, of the necessity of making the preliminary arrangements for organizing Teachers' Institutes, in conformity with the law, with as little delay as possible.—The filing of the certificate of a majority of Town Superintendents in each county, and the designation, by the County Clerk, of an advisory committee to manage the Institute, should be done in time to give general notice of the time and place of meeting. The law requires the attendance, in counties of 40,000 inhabitants, of 50 teachers, or persons intending; to become such, at the Institute during ten working days; hence the necessity of early action in regard to organization.

If committees charged with the management of Institutes, will communicate to us an outline of their arrangements, we will cheerfully assist in giving them publicity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SILAS WRIGHT, late Governor of the State of New York, by JABEZ D. HAMMOND, and published by HALL & DICKSON, Syracuse.

This work exhibits the same impartiality and sacred regard for truth which distinguish the author's Political History from the year 1789 to 1841—a work which has been so extensively circulated and generally approved as to create the most favorable impressions in regard to the author's integrity of purpose and its faithful execution in the work before us.

The author, in his preface, very properly observes, in regard to the Life of Mr. WRIGHT, "that, in my judgment, to describe the man as he really was, and his actions, both in public and private life, as they truly were, was the imperious duty of his biographer; and that a simple narrative, 'a plain tale,' embracing those objects, is the best eulogy of a great and good man."

Mr. Wright's conduct and fortunes as a public man, and his views as a statesman, are truthfully and impartially recorded, and although the feelings of the author are evidently prepossessed in favor of the Hero of his story, we can perceive no desire to bestow upon him servile and unmerited praise.

The author's description, which it appears he obtained from the most reliable sources, of Silas Wright at home, is to us the most interesting part of the biography.

"It is there," says our author, "where you see the man as he is. It is there, where impatience, envy, transibility, and all the bad passions to which poor human nature is subject

are too often displayed without restraint; and it is there where the kindly emotions of the heart are exhibited, and where they exist unadulterated with sinister motives. It is by the domestic fireside—it is in the social intercourse with one's family, and neighbors, and intimate friends, where there is no inducement for affectation and disguise, that the beams of "the soul's calm sun shine" are most conspicuously and most sensibly felt. To see Silas Wright as Silas Wright, we must look at him in the family of the old neighbor and friend of his father, Capt. Moody, in the remote and quiet village of Canton."

From the birth of Mr. Wright in 1795, to the year 1841, the labors of the author are confined to the subject of his biography; but in continuing the account of his life, Mr. Hammond says in his preface, "from the year 1810 to the close of his administration of the government of New York, the history of the political parties which existed during that period, is naturally and almost necessarily resumed and continued.—After he retired from the gubernatorial chair, there remains to his biographer little other labor than the painful task of recording his death." Accordingly Judge Hammond resumes his political history, where his second volume, to which we have before referred, closes and continues it down to the adjournment of the Constitutional Convention, and the death of Gov. Wright. This part of the work is very ample, and may, by some readers, be considered too diffuse. The action of all the parties and fragments of parties from the year 1816 and the characters and movements of all the distinguished partizans, including, of course, the more conservative and radical whigs, the hunker and barn-burning democrats, the abolitionists, the native Americans, the anti-renters and national reformers, appear to be impartially and faithfully delineated, thus preserving, in one connected view as it were, a grand panorama of political operations in the State of New York, and to some extent in the nation, during the interesting period to which we have alluded.

Chapter 15 gives the proceedings of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1841, and contains many important facts not heretofore generally known. They were obtained, it appears, from a delegate to that Convention, and are given by the author as reliable. We could not but observe, that although the author, in all other parts of his work, has not afforded evidence of personal feeling or prejudice, he betrays in his remarks on the action of this Convention, a strong aversion to the policy which governed on that occasion.

The analysis of Messrs. Croswell and Sutton's Report of the Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of this State in 1846, constitutes a very valuable portion of this work. Its arrangement is simple and lucid. The history of the Convention is brief, but presents distinctly its action on all the important questions which came before that body, and the reasons upon which such action was founded. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that a student of Constitutional law, by reading the twenty-first chapter of this work, will obtain as much useful information in two hours as he would derive from reading nineteen hundred closely printed columns of the regular reports of the convention, loaded as they necessarily are with all the formal proceedings of an organized deliberative assembly.

We fear our remarks on this new work have been extended to an unreasonable limit—certainly much more than we anticipated when we commenced. We therefore conclude by saying that the two volumes of Judge Hammond's Political History, published in 1842, and the one now published by Messrs. Hall & Dickson, furnish a complete body of the political history of this State, from the year 1789 to the time of the adoption of the new Constitution in 1846, together with the biography of one of the most distinguished Statesmen of the age.

The three volumes are bound in a uniform and durable manner for public and District School libraries.* The necessity of having such a work where reference to it can be made by the mass of our citizens, is too obvious to require a word from us. Those entrusted with the duty of selecting books for school libraries, will readily see the importance of giving due attention to this work. We have no hesitation in recommending it as being as reliable and accurate a political history as can be written, and we hope it may find a ready sale and many careful readers.

The work is finely embellished with portraits of Governors Wright, Bouck, and Young, and is printed and bound in a style that reflects great credit upon its enterprising publishers.

MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE. By L. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR, revised, with notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in late political events in Paris, by WM. STAUGHTON CHASE, A. M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1848

To understand the character of any people, their literature should be studied; but who can read all the valuable works which a prolific press daily throws upon society? The national progress of France has been too generally viewed through the medium of her fictitious writers and the never-ending descriptions of Parisian manners—by the hack-writers appended to the literary machinery of the country. The appetite for this floating trash has been fully glutted, and consequently many have supposed that France has furnished nothing but this literary offal during the last quarter of a century; but those who suppose that she has degenerated in patient learning, fruitful science and varied knowledge, are greatly mistaken, as they will perceive by a perusal of the work before us. The author gives a brief history of the literature of France, making reference to the most eminent writers of the past age. This is succeeded by a review of the Intellectual Philosophy and the Political Tendencies of the country. History, romance and poetry are severally treated of with reference to French authors, and with a fairness and ability that should commend this book to the favor of the reader. The author, in speaking of the English critics for their absurdity in ranking Paul de Kock among the first writers of his time, justly observes, that

"Such an opinion could only be entertained by foreigners, who are probably beguiled by the easy and sparkling pictures of real life, which he draws in so lively a manner; for it proves great ignorance of French literature. Paul de Kock's subjects and portraiture are drawn only from the lower class of society, and there is great similarity in his productions."

We might adduce other examples of the fair and candid criticism with which this volume abounds, but we forbear.—The crowning feature of this work, however, is its analysis of French Literature and its influence upon society. Its incoherent and imperfect character—its fantastic medley of light and gloom—which so accurately reflects the condition of society in France, cannot but be read with interest and profit by all.

An elegant steel-engraved portrait of the renowned poet, orator and historian, whose influence as a politician has been alike conservative and valuable upon the destiny of France—the patriotic Lamartine—embellishes the work. This, with the excellent notes of the American editor, adds much to the value of the book. It may be found at the Bookstore of Stoddard & Babcock, Salina street.

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